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JULIAN FANE

AD MATREM

1849-1857.



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The Author  
to  
his literary "matrem".

Lady A. Norton copy  
not under presentation

*Charles Henry*  
JULIAN FANE,

AD MATREM.

1849—1857.

NOT PUBLISHED.

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## AD MATREM.

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You have asked me to collect and print the series of poems which I have addressed annually to you during the last few years. I can scarcely say what pleasure it gives me to comply with your request. I am glad to print these poems, not because I believe them to possess any great intrinsic merits, but because I am sure that as the genuine expression of a pure and holy love, not tenderly imagined, but deeply and sincerely felt, they have a real and solid value. Those only who, looking into the depths of their own spirit, have been able to trace all that they find good in themselves to the high and holy influence of another's mind, who recognise their sin and their selfishness as their own, and acknow-

ledge that what they have of purity and nobleness is due to another—those only, I say, who have felt passionate gratitude for great spiritual benefits conferred, can appreciate the infinite debt which my mind owes to yours, and understand the infinite value to me of the filial love which you have inspired. I will not say that these poems are unworthy of you, for that might sound like a common-place compliment, but I do say emphatically that they express feebly and unworthily what you have been to me, what you still are to me, and what your memory will for ever prove to me, if I should have the misfortune to survive you. I pray Heaven to avert from me so great a calamity, and to bless you with a long and green old age.

LONDON, *July 12th*, 1857.



## I.

DOth love—doth filial love—delight to vaunt  
 Its own existence?—or, if I should be  
 Silent this day, wouldst thou inflict the taunt,  
 Saying, “Thou’rt changed—no thought hast  
 thou of me?”

Not so; within my heart of hearts they dwell,  
 Dear thoughts of thee (oh! dearer than the  
 breath

Of life itself), and not a power, save death,  
 Shall pluck them from me. This thou knowest  
 well.

Nor doth my love (enamoured of its own  
 Sweet self) court notice in the Poet’s lay.  
 Then wherefore sing? A voice of heavenly tone  
 Comes annual to me on thy natal day,  
 And whispers, even as now, “Pass not her shrine  
 Unhonoured.” Therefore I this chaplet twine.

BERLIN; *March 13th*, 1849.

## II.

**D**EAREST and best ! on this thy natal day,  
 The Muse, as wont, in amaranthine bowers  
 Wreathes for thy brow a coronal of flowers,  
 Culling the sweets from every trembling spray :

But as I, glad, the annual strains prolong,  
 Like some sad air that sighs against the leaf  
 The voice of Memory, mellowing in her grief,  
 Comes uninvoked, and mingles with the song ;

Remembering her, whom in a by-gone year  
 (Sweet flower that on thy breast maternal grew)  
 The nipping breath of March untimely slew.

So comes my greeting to thee, Mother dear,  
 Something less glad, and in the wreath I bind  
 With laurels gay a cypress branch is twined.

CAMBRIDGE ; *March 13th*, 1850.

## III.

SHRILL sings the merry lark, as in the east  
 Morn o'er the dun cloud steps with glowing  
 feet ;

And Philomela from a dewy breast

Pours her wild note the rising moon to greet :

The woodland rings with song, when rarely-sweet,  
 Soft airs announce the loved return of Spring,

And every grateful heart with music meet  
 Best loves aloud to gratulate and sing  
 The sight and fair recurrence of a happy thing !

Rise, happy day ! above the Eastern hills,  
 Come fair, come cloudless in unsmirched attire,  
 The mingling melodies of birds and rills  
 Thou shalt not lack, nor music of the lyre,  
 If my frail skill further my fond desire ;  
 Not Morning to the loud lark in her glee,

Nor to rapt Philomel the moon's faint fire,  
 Nor Spring to every bird that carols free,  
 Such theme for song restores as thy return to me !

Whilom thou camest, smiling upon earth  
 Like one that bears glad news of sweet surprise,  
 And, by thee ushered to her mortal birth,  
 A child, now woman in her fairest guise,  
 First on the bleak world oped her infant eyes !  
 Her, through long years and seasons circling round,  
 Larger of heart, more gracious, gentle, wise,  
 Thy annual visitation still hath found ;  
 Sweet soul of stainless worth by moral beauty  
     crowned !

Once more thou comest, and the hand of Time  
 Slides a fresh pearl upon her threaded years,  
 And I once more with poverty of rhyme,  
 Rich in my large love, do salute her ears ;  
 Nor yet forbear my song, though sad appears  
 The shade of Sorrow on her tender face,  
 And sad her eyes new-watered by her tears,  
 And all her visage by the cloudlike trace  
 Of mourning shrouded in a melancholy grace.

But thou wilt not rebuke because I sing,  
 Nor wonted tribute of my love forego :  
 Mother ! thou knowest no conceits I bring,  
 Nor hollow words to mock thy holy woe ;  
 Thy loss is mine !—for him who rests below,  
 Lapt in the long night of Death's leaden sleep,  
 Our mutual tears from kindred sources flow ;  
 And while my own well from their fountain deep,  
 False words I cannot bring, nor wish thee not to  
     weep.

He sleeps !—no storms of roused emotion mar  
 The waveless calm of his unruffled breast :  
 The strife of clamorous tongues, the world's rude  
     jar,  
 Pierce not the silence of his placid rest ;  
 But only winds, in whispers from the west,  
 And birds that low their timorous carol trill,  
 Sigh o'er his grave with many a wild flower drest ;  
 Nightly the dew on him their tears distil,  
 The heavens shine calm above.—He sleeps—and  
     all is still.

Of him I sing, whose blighted Spring was brief  
 And Summer's dawn was never doomed to see,  
 Yet singing seek not to console thy grief,  
 Knowing thou hast no need of words from me ;  
 Who feedeth with the bread of tears—even He  
 Who ministered a cup of deadly wine  
 To Israel—ministered thy loss to thee,  
 But feeds thy meek and patient soul divine  
 With wisdom such as shames poor thoughts and  
                   words of mine.

I wished to greet thee gaily ! but a tear  
 Hath dimmed the smile that hailed thy natal day :  
 And, as I sing, almost I seem to hear  
 The voice of his dear soul who passed away,  
 Mingling a mournful music with my lay !  
 Forgive what words too much thy spirit move :  
 Forgive me all my weakness cannot say,  
 And in thy bounty listen, and approve  
 This faint imperfect echo of my proffered love !

As Ivy clothes the bole from which it springs  
With leaves that fair the parent tree surround,  
So all my clustering Love about thee clings,  
Which else perhaps, no fit sustainment found,  
Had trailed with weeds along the common ground,  
Or, self-entangled, mixed with grosser clay ;  
But thou, dear saint ! to whom my heart is bound,  
Nearer to heaven risest every day,  
And this frail soul that loves thee follows as it may !

*March 13th, 1851.*

## IV.

**I**F those dear eyes that watch me now,  
 With looks that teach my heart content :  
 That smile which o'er thy placid brow  
 Spreads, with Delight in pure concént :  
 And that clear voice whose rise and fall  
 Altérnates, in a silver chime :  
 If these fair tokens false were all  
 That told the tale of fleeting Time—  
 I scarce should mark his swift career,  
 So little change hath o'er thee passed,  
 So much thy Present doth appear  
 Like all my Memory holds most dear,  
 When she recalls thy perfect Past !  
 Unchanged thou seem'st in mind and frame :  
 Thy sweet smile brightens still the same :  
 In thy fair face is nothing strange ;  
 And when from out thy pure lips flow  
 Thy earnest words with grace, I know  
 Thy Wisdom hath not suffered change !



And so thy Presence, bland and glad,  
 Wherein no trace of change appears,  
 Proclaims not that this day will add  
 A fresh sheaf to thy garnered years !  
 But Time himself proclaims his power,  
 And will not pass unheeded by :  
 At every turn his ruins lie,  
 I track his steps at every door ;  
 Or, musing with myself, I find  
 His signet borne by every thought,  
 From many a moral blemish wrought  
 By more of commerce with my kind ;  
 Who am not armed, as thou in youth  
 To bear unhurt the brunt of Life,  
 To battle with the foes of Truth,  
 And issue scarless from the strife ;  
 Not pure, as thou, to pass unscared,  
 Where Knaves and Fools infest the ways,  
 By their rank censure unimpaired,  
 And spotless from their ranker praise.  
 And thus the slow year, circling round,  
 Mars with no change thy soul serene,  
 While I, though changed, alas ! am found  
 Far other than I should have been,  
 And only not at heart unsound,  
 Because thy love still keeps it green ;

Oh! therefore, from that worst decay  
To save me with Love's holiest dew,  
Heaven guard thee, dear! and oft renew  
Return of this thy natal day:  
And teach me with each rolling year  
That leaves us on a heartless earth,  
To love thee so, that Love may bear  
Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth;  
And so, whatever ills betide,  
Whatever storms about me lour,  
Though broken by the bolts of Pride,  
And scorched by Envy's lightning power,  
I shall not perish in the blast,  
But prosper while thou still art nigh,  
By my pure love preserved, and by  
My guardian Spirit saved at last.

*March 13th, 1852.*

## V.

I dreamed a dream ! I stood among the spheres  
 Stationed alone upon a flying star ;  
 Seraphic music smote upon my ears,  
     The planets moved around me, and afar  
 I saw a sweet Moon, like a lady fair,  
 Pursue her calm course through the quiet air.

*Quiet !* I whirled through heaven, my senses grew  
 Dim with swift flight of unapproachéd pace,  
 For that wild orb whereon I stood now flew  
     Swift as a whirlwind through unbounded space;  
 Then shocked and, staggering blindly, reeled ;  
     then, driven  
 Fresh with new force, shot fiercely on through  
     heaven !

Wild terror seized upon me, and the fear  
 Of quick annihilation struck my soul;  
 No Power I saw, no Hand Divine to steer  
 The orb that bore me unto any goal,  
 While systems, suns and stars, that central hung  
 Poised in mid air, about me orbéd and swung!

Now on some huge and glowing mass of fire  
 I drove; I clenched my nerves, I held my  
 breath,  
 Thinking, with sound of sharp collision dire,  
 To rush each moment on a shattering death;  
 But, lo! we swerved, that fiery orb and I,  
 And unimpeded flashed athwart the sky.

Yet ever and anon brief rest I knew;  
 Some noble Planet circling in her place  
 We neared—and her unseen attraction drew  
 My wild orb softly into her embrace;  
 The charmed star paused and spun—and then  
 became  
 Still, and poised, steady as an unblown flame.

But soon I whirled through heaven as before ;  
 That saving Power had loosed me, and I swept  
 Again past suns and systems, and once more  
 That nameless fear o'er all my senses crept,  
 So that I raved, and, maddened in my place,  
 Cursed life, and lifeless fell upon my face !

Long time I lay oblivious, but at last  
 Rising, I felt I rose not to despair,  
 Wild motion and wild fear alike were passed ;  
 The orb that bore me sailed the tranquil air,  
 And moved with music, subject unto law,  
 Near that sweet Moon which erst far off I saw.

Spell-bound my charmed orb did gently glide,  
 And round about its Heavenly Mistress roll,  
 Now moved more near, now wandered from her  
 side,  
 But never strayed beyond her mild control ;  
 Touched with her beams of spotless radiance  
 white,  
 It shone a placid glory through the night !

Then, with pure joy, I woke ! yet waking dozed,  
And thought to sail through heaven in a car ;  
Black clouds were closing round, but ere they  
closed

I looked once more upon that Moon and Star,  
And saw—thy sweet face shining in the one,  
And in the other knew thy rescued son !

VIENNA; *March 13th*, 1853.

## VI.

I had a vision when the night was late.  
Methought I stood within a garden set  
With stateliest plants, with fairest flowers, with  
    shrubs  
That breathed a smell of spices on the air.  
To left and right, and all the place around,  
Grew amaranth and acanthus, tulip tall,  
Primrose and pallid lily, and the flush  
Of fresh-blown rose, carnation crimson-dyed,  
And pinks and pansies and pale jessamine ;  
And over head the long laburnum showered  
Clusters of golden rain, and the gadding vine  
Leant from the boughs, and through the laughing  
    leaves  
Her fruit fantastic showed ; but elm trees dark,  
Cypress and cedar, and the solemn yew,  
Hedged-in the garden. And as one who looks  
Upon a countenance that should be fair,  
Yet to his eye ungracious shows and blank,  
So I upon this garden fed my gaze  
Unsatisfied, with sense of secret loss  
And longings unfulfilled. Gay seemed the flowers,

But light was not upon them, neither shone  
 The smile of Heaven in their unlaughing eyes :  
 Dark cloud, or shadows of dark cloud, appeared  
 Dreary to haunt the unhallowed ground ; the sky  
 Frowned black upon it, and the surcharged air  
 Breathed close and clammy, as with noxious mists  
 Discomforted, with damps and dreadful gloom.  
 Then, through the garden, heavy as one who bears  
 A weight of unwept sorrow in his breast,  
 Disconsolate and desolate I walked ;  
 And suddenly I saw that all the place  
 Was filled with crowds of human faces fair,  
 Great multitudes who flocked through all the paths  
 In bold and boisterous glee ; but ghastly looked  
 The countenance of those that nearest stood,  
 And their great peals of hollow laughter shrieked  
 Discordant to my ear, so that with haste  
 I turned, and to a sheltered ground afar,  
 Where double row of branching cedars built  
 A natural aisle, with all my woe removed.  
 A whispering sound of welcome through the trees,  
 A strain of spherical music, and the sweep  
 Of rustling wings that fanned the winnowed air :  
 And, lo ! a seraph stationed at my side,  
 With his unutterable glowing orbs  
 That looked with pitying glance through my sad  
 soul.



A little space, and "Child of earth," he said,  
 "Thou knowest not thy sorrow. All things here  
 "In this fair world which whilome beauteous  
     showed  
 "To thy rapt gaze, which touched thy heart with  
     joy  
 "And moved thy soul to song—all these appear  
 "Lifeless, bereft of beauty, drear and dark,  
 "Unlovely to behold. Lo! I am He  
 "In Heaven who move the blessed saints to tears  
 "Of beautiful compassion, seeking those  
 "On Earth who best their pitying tears deserve;  
 "And I have found thee, and behold I come  
 "To teach thy heart its sorrow. Thou hast lost  
 "Her to whose clear unspotted soul thou owedst  
 "What joy on earth was found. So long *her* eyes  
 "Looked on this world, so long to thee it seemed  
 "As 'twere a fruitful and a fragrant field  
 "Whereon the blessed sunshine rests, and flowers  
 "Laugh through its grasses, and the merry birds  
 "People its air with song. But, because grief  
 "Hath jarred thy reason, all too rudely shocked,  
 "And marred the mind's clear glass—therefore  
     thy soul  
 "Knows not the things whereof I speak. Look up,  
 "Lift high thy sorrowing eyes and learn thy  
     doom."

I looked, and, lo ! athwart the midmost sky  
 Hung a great cloud, and on its front it bore  
 A triple arch of ever-changing hues  
 (Ensign of wrath appeased and present love)  
 Which, slowly waning, paled and passed away.  
 Then from the middle of the mighty cloud  
 Black billowy mists, with dire commotion moved,  
 Heaved like a tumbled ocean, and anon  
 Rolled back, as ebbing from a central shore,  
 And wondrous sight disclosed. For when these  
       eyes,

First dazed and blinded by excess of light,  
 A little their power resumed—there, in the midst  
 Of that bright chasm, I saw the mortal form  
 Of her who gave me being. Mortal no more !  
 For round about her high and holy brow  
 Flamed the bright glory of a Saint, which lit  
 Her face with light immortal and suffused  
 With liquid gold her silvery tresses fair.

\* Erect she stood, and in her pure right hand  
 A branching palm, the meed of Saints, she bore,  
 But th' other lay caressent on the head  
 Of a bright angel couched beside her knee  
 Singing the praise of God and God's elect ;  
 And, hovering round, were clustering faces bright  
 Of Seraph and of Cherubim, who poised

\* Descriptive of your picture "Saint Cecilia."

On pure white wings contingent, echoing loud  
 The strain of her below. Intent I gazed!  
 And suddenly I felt about my soul  
 The yearning to approach that vision bright  
 Expand and grow, and at the last become  
 A power. Buoyant I rose, and through the air  
 Swifter than bolt from arbalist I flew,  
 And on the folded skirting of the cloud  
 Lodged, and fell prone. Senseless long time I lay,  
 Then raised with pain my drooping head, and cried,  
 "Art thou, indeed, the Soul, nor only form,  
 "Of Her who gave me Being, and blest it given?  
 "More lovely than all else but her, art Thou  
 "Indeed her Spirit! Oh! might the jealous Gods  
 "Not grant thee still to sojourn, brief delay,  
 "In yon bleak world? could not the bonds of Love  
 "Hold thee, Ingrateful, yet a little while  
 "Linked to this heart? Oh! Lips maternal, say,  
 "What life (thy life being lost) remains for me,  
 "Wand'ring for ever desolate and dark,  
 "As in yon garden? If indeed Thou art  
 "No Phantom, come to cheat me into grief,  
 "Let thy bland lips, as thy bland lips were wont,  
 "Teach me such wisdom as may comfort lend,  
 "And light whereby to live!" So saying I looked,  
 Through passionate tears that dimmed my mortal  
 sight,

Upon her luminous face. No word she spake ;  
 Raising a solemn finger she made sign  
 Of silence, on her lips by some great Law  
 Of Heaven imposed—but her immortal eyes  
 That act accompanied with such sweet look  
 Of piteous love compassionately kind,  
 That I leapt forth to embrace her—and, behold !  
 Sudden the cloud rolled shrivelled up and fled,  
 And I, hurled back, through twice ten thousand  
     leagues  
 Of whistling air, fell headlong to the ground.

I woke : the lark was singing in the sky,  
 The field was fresh with flowers. The fragrant  
     dews  
 Glistened upon the face of happy Earth  
 Who (as a Bride new-made puts off her veil  
 And smiles upon her Bridegroom through sweet  
     tears)  
 Put off the morning mist, and, bashful fair,  
 Looked dewy on the Sun. Then I perceived  
 How all things, robed in gladness, laughed to scorn  
 My evil dream, and that thy natal day  
 Once more was come, and thou wert with me still.  
 Live Thou, oh, live ! and let my darksome Dream  
 Be mocked by thy bright life. Die not, dear Saint,

A little while refrain thee from thy home !  
 And though the clouds of tempest seem to lour  
 About the wrinkled and the wrathful Earth—  
 Though War's hoarse thunder bellow, and the flash  
 Of kindled Passions fire the world, and bring  
 (Inevitable sequel) drenching floods  
 Of human misery, salt and streaming tears—  
 Endure the storm (so hard to be endured  
 If thou wert not !) with those who love and need  
 Thy presence, needed most where least Love is.  
 So shall thy bland and gracious Spirit wise,  
 Though desolation and distress be near,  
 Give counsel, comfort, and to those who watch  
 Shine like a Beacon-light athwart the Storm !

### L'ENVOY.

Take, Sweet ! my annual blessing due this day,  
 And on my head thy benediction lay.  
 Though War's red fury round the world increase,  
 Thy life preserved preserves my heart its Peace.

VIENNA; *March 13th*, 1854.

## VII.

SCARCE hath rare-plumaged Moon released  
 Her bright head from her raven wing,  
 When blithe, the wakeful Lark, well pleased  
 To quit the Earth, prepares her spring.

The gorgeous Morning floats on high,  
 The Lark in swift ascension fair  
 Goes fluttering up the middle sky,  
 And floods with song the quivering air.

Beneath her, near her late abode,  
 The dark unhallowed earth along,  
 Crawl the vile worm and spotted toad,  
 They miss not her, nor hear her song.

No voice can vex her on her throne  
 Her happy soul, expanded free,  
 Fills the blue void;—she is alone  
 With her outpoured felicity.

So I, sometimes, from Earth's control  
 Shoot, when the Muse, with heavenly eyes  
 Dawns like clear day on my dark soul,  
 And leads me vocal up the skies.

She lends my human weakness wings,  
 And with clear voice she doth endow  
 My soul to sing of holiest things—  
 To sing thy Love she leads me now.

Thy Love! which is to me what Heaven  
 Is to the Lark that carols free,—  
 A blue expanse, a refuge given  
 From Earth and all Earth's misery.

And this bright Morn hath ushered in,  
 Mother, once more thy natal day;  
 And shame it were in me, and sin,  
 To miss my annual votive lay.

So sing I—though the clarion's blare,  
 The beat of drums, the shock of arms  
 Assault my soul, and vex the air  
 With War's unmusical alarms;

And though these sounds be no false din  
 Of puling Fancy, but indeed  
 Harsh echoes of harsh facts, wherein  
 The fate of our best loved we read ;

Of him, the gallant, great, and good,  
 The brother of thy soul,—of him  
 Whose fame the fickle multitude  
 May mock with sneers, but cannot dim ;

And that bright creature at his side,  
 That Star of modern chivalry,  
 Who claims thy whole maternal pride,  
 Who shares, ungrudged, thy heart with me.

Yea ! though War's batteries rend the skies,  
 And Earth be pale with wild affright,  
 Above the tumult I can rise  
 Beyond the sound and out of sight.

Ev'n as the Lark can soar above  
 The jarring world, and pipe in peace,  
 I, in the Heaven of thy dear Love,  
 From all Earth's discords find release.



And far above the mortal din,  
 Beyond the reach of human wrong,  
 Of human speech and human sin,  
 I chaunt in Heaven my quiet song ;

And needs must chaunt (as chaunts the Lark  
 Of Nature and her face) of thee ;  
 Thine eyes, the sweet, the azure dark,  
 Are firmaments of love to me.

Nor thou, dear Heaven, be sad this day,  
 No thought of grief obscure thy grace,  
 No cloud athwart thy fairness stray,  
 To dull the smile of thy sweet face ;

And since the madness of the world  
 Makes winter of our early spring,  
 I ask thee to forget the world  
 A little while, that I may sing

And cheat myself, as yon poor bird  
 Who pipes on leafless boughs to-day,  
 With hope, that while my voice is heard,  
 Thy heart's December turns to May.

Fair omen ! Fancy thinks to see  
 Thy heart bloom like a garden fair ;  
 Sweet flowers in all variety  
 And foliaged trees are waving there.

A bird comes flying through the trees,  
 And in her beak she bears a leaf ;  
 Through all the garden blows a breeze,  
 And in thy heart no sign of grief.

The bird of Peace, the branch of Peace,  
 Enter thy heart and nestle there,  
 And in thy heart if sorrow cease,  
 Then sorrow ceases everywhere.

Oh, Dove ! oh, Olive ! wing your flight,  
 Foreseen on this propitious day,  
 Soon on the jarring world alight,  
 And perfect my prophetic lay.

Prophetic ! Hark, methinks I hear  
 Seraphic voices in the skies ;  
 I see an angel's form appear,  
 A vision comes before my eyes :

\* The flocks graze ; sudden light of joy  
 Bursts on the Shepherds where they stand ;  
 The Mother clasps her babe ; the Boy  
 Veils off the brightness with his hand.

The Angel's face is sweet, and still,  
 And very fair ; I hear her say—  
 “ Peace upon Earth ; toward men goodwill ; ”  
 And all the vision fades away.

But ere She went the Angel smiled ;  
 Oh, God ! I knew that face divine ;—  
 Mother ! I saw thy long-lost child ;  
 Oh, Sister ! and that voice was thine !

*March 13th, 1855.*

\* Descriptive of your picture “The Angel appearing to the Shepherds.”

## VIII.

**L**O! in the East the clouded grey  
Begins to change its sullen hue,  
And Morning, with mild eyes of blue,  
Smiles on a happy, nascent day.

Thy natal day, which finds me now  
Far from thee—on a foreign strand;  
I cannot take thy gracious hand,  
Nor press my blessing on thy brow.

The salt sea waves between us swell  
And part us—but, though rolling wide,  
Our hearts they never can divide,  
For love is indivisible!

High o'er the ocean's liquid space  
A triple rainbow arch I see,  
It spans across from me to thee,  
A loving heart at either base:

The rainbow of our Love ! which blends  
 Ten thousand lesser loves in one,  
 Which links the Mother to her Son,  
 Which joins two sympathetic friends.

And while beneath the ocean's roar,  
 (Oh ! human work divinely wrought !)  
 The lightning message, swift as thought,  
 Darts with the news from shore to shore ;

Our souls more swiftly meet above,  
 And, strong in spiritual might,  
 Flash, pathless as the rays of light,  
 From shore to shore with thoughts of Love.

So I, this day can breathe on thee  
 My blessing, though I be not near,  
 And, though I hear not, seem to hear  
 Thy blessing spoken back to me ;

Can, in clear thought, beside thee stand,  
 And touch with reverent lips thy face,  
 And hold thee in a dear embrace  
 Affectionately, hand in hand.

God keep thee ! May the rolling years  
Crown with fresh grace thy blameless life !  
God keep from thee all cause of strife,  
And wipe away the source of tears !

And those high Powers to whom 'tis given  
To guard the pure of soul on earth,  
Who tend upon thee since thy birth  
And watch thy progress up to heaven,

Save from all harm thy sacred head,  
Bestrew with flowers thy thornless way,  
Attend upon thy steps by day,  
And guard with angel-wings thy bed !

And I, what offering can I bring,  
To lay this day before thy feet,  
What gift of fragrant incense sweet  
Beside the votive song I sing ?

I know not—but as here I stand,  
Here on the Gallic shore, in thought,  
Thinking of what I might have wrought  
To please thee in a foreign land :

From out my bosom swift to thee  
There flies, or seems to fly, a bird  
That takes her silent flight unheard,  
And sweeps towards thee o'er the sea.

The Dove of Peace, with wings unfurled,  
Glad with the olive branch she goes !  
She bears unto thy heart repose,  
And brings back Peace to all the world.

Oh ! may thy peace be perfect rest !  
And, oh ! may all men cease from strife,  
And, emulating thy sweet life,  
Walk in the ways God loveth best !

PARIS; *March 13th*, 1856.

## IX.

O H, swallow, swallow, flying from the North  
 With eager wings that fan the winnowed air,  
 Wend swift thy flight towards a fairer clime ;  
 Behind thee lie the fields of endless ice,  
 Before thee summer and the flowering vales.

Thy birdlike nature, capable of joy,  
 Feels, with delight how great, the tepid breeze  
 That bears a perfume of the fragrant South ;  
 The sweet and sunny South where thou wast born,  
 And where long since thy happy home is made.

Home ! ah ! thou restless wanderer of the air,  
 Once more thou comest to the far off fields  
 That knew thy earliest chirp, that lodged thee long  
 Amongst the leafage of their murmuring trees ;  
 Thrice blessed, thou know'st the joy of a return !

And I participate thy joy. I too,  
 Swift from the kingdoms of the giant Frost  
 Who sits a tyrant on the snow-capped hills  
 And rules the ice-bound plains and has struck  
 dead

The mute and motionless sea—I too am come.



I too, athwart the storms of driving snow  
 Wherewith the savage Genius of the North  
 Pursued me, saw the land of home arise,  
 Saw the dark coast of England, long desired,  
 And the white welcome of her laughing cliffs.

Wherefore with thee, thou Prodigal returned,  
 With thee, wild vagrant, doth my heart rejoice,  
 And all my soul grows merry at thy chirp ;  
 Thy long-lost fields possess thee once again,  
 And I once more am with the souls I love.

Oh, dear, sweet Soul, to whom my heart is bound,  
 The swallow flies with joy towards the South,  
 Thou art my South, and unto thee I fly ;  
 Arrived in time to nestle in thy breast,  
 And chirp my blessing on thy natal day.

There sits an Angel at the gates of heaven,  
 Who watches o'er the course of mortal love,  
 And blesses all pure passions upon earth ;  
 He smiles when two true loving souls unite,  
 And He to-day is glad that we are met.

Is it because the joy of seeing thee  
 Absorbs all words, and in itself sums up  
 All thought of which my soul is capable,  
 That I this day can scarcely brook to write  
 My speechless happiness in measured words?

In words unmeasured let me pour it out  
 And clasp thee to my breast, and in thy ear  
 Tell out the fulness of an o'ercharged heart.  
 I love thee, best and brightest ; oh ! my Saint,  
 The impotence of language wrongs my love.

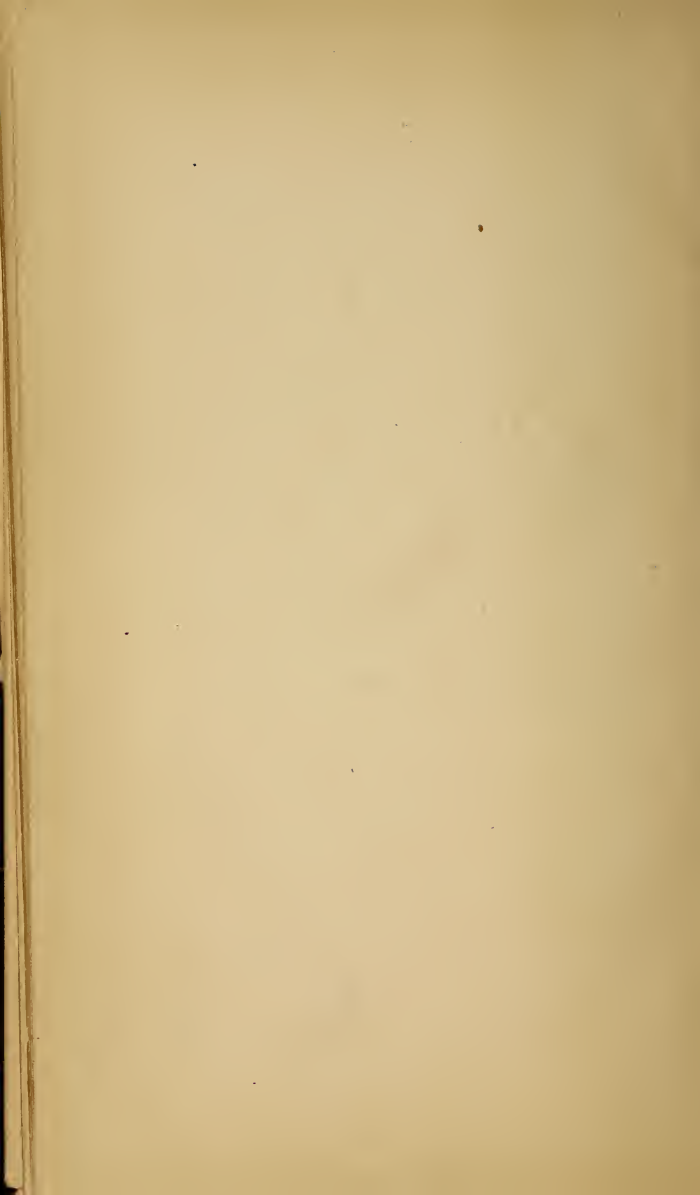
Thou art so tender, beautiful, and true,  
 So pure in thought, so spotless in desire,  
 So peerless in thy perfect womanhood,  
 That all weak words fall short to tell thy praise ;  
 Thy praise, my Angel, reaching beyond words.

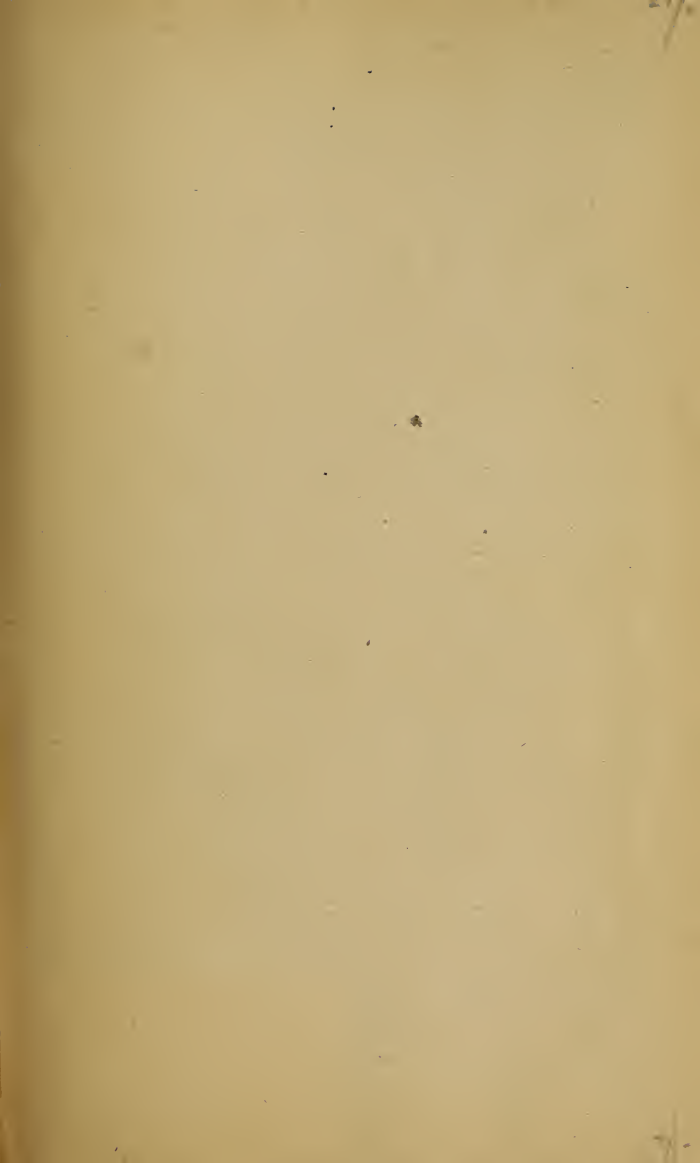
Glad be the sunrise on thy natal day,  
 Loud be the chaunt of birds, and sweet the breeze  
 With perfumes of the earliest flowers of Spring ;  
 I too am here, my heart is glad, my voice  
 Sings loudly, and my love bursts out in bloom.

My heart is glad, for thou this day wast born,  
 My voice its merriest canticle sings out,  
 And into blossom flowers all my love.  
 Accept, dear Soul, the feeble song and flower  
 That draw from thee their sweetness and their  
 sound.

*March 13th, 1857*







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: April 2009

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